

Cathedral of Salt

By Nick Flynn

Beneath all this I'm carving a cathedral
of salt. I keep

the entrance hidden, no one seems to notice
the hours I'm missing... I'll

bring you one night, it's where
I go when I

hang up the phone...

Neither you
nor your soul is waiting for me at

the end of this, I know that, the salt
nearly clear after I

chisel out the pews, the see-through
altar, the opaque

panes of glass that depict the stations of
our cross — *Here is the day*

we met, here is the day we remember we
met... The air down here


will kill us, some say, some wear paper
masks, some still imagine the air above the green

trees, thick with bees

building solitary nests out of petals. What's
the name for this? *Ineffable*? The endless

white will blind you, some say,
but what is there to see we haven't already

seen? Some say it's
like poking a stick into a river — you might as well



simply write about the stick.

Or the river.

Source: *Poetry* (June 2014)